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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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ECHO POETRY.

The following is a specimen of echo poetry which possesses merit as a literary composition, and on account of the spirit and piety which breathes through it:

If any be distressed, and faint would gather
Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father.

For we are here, and help are quite between
Except Thou succor us
Who art in heaven.

Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing
Hallelujahs Thy name.

Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us Thy love, and let
Thy kingdom come.

We mortal are, and after from our birth:
Thou constant art,
Thy will be done on earth.

Thou hast the earth as well as planets seven,
Thy name be blessed here
As in heaven.

Nothing we have to use or do to pay,
Except Thou give it;
Give us this day.

Thou wilt be clothed us, where to feed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.

We want, but we want no faults, for no day passes
But we do but sin—
Forgive us our trespasses.

No man from sinning ever freed alive;
Forgive us, Lord, our sins
As we forgive.

If we repeat our thoughts, Thou never disdain
To hear them;
That trespass against us;

Forgive us that to pass, our path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
And lead us.

We, Thine own people and Thy chosen nation,
All truth, but
Not into temptation.

Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver.

From the fiery assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.

To these petitions let both church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say,
Amen.

Servant Girls vs. Hair Oil.

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends "put up," is a number of servant girls, and it is an idiosyncrasy of servant girls to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and his friend Robert were very careful of their respective toilets, and being in a counting way, had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a bit of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally, they were in the habit of finding that a put of this costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, they took the bottle which had contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a whispered conversation with a laughing clerk, and mixing various articles in a bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription book as the contents:

Of Lard, Asafetida—milk of asafetida, which for the information of our readers we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug of this 1 oz.

Of Liqueur Potasse—a fluid slightly dehydrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair off a head in ten seconds—1-2 oz.

Balsam of Fir—the stickiest and most aromatic known—1 oz.

Honey, 1 oz.

Alcohol to make the ingredients blend—1-2 pint.

This was well "shunk" and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil. The next day (Sunday) Dave and his friends dressed themselves for church, and after finishing, travelled down stairs, and they came up another way in a few minutes, and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where from a couple of panes of glass over the door, they could see every thing that went on. After the people of the house had come, two or three servant girls came to Dave's room.

"Whist Molly," said a large, red-headed one—"Misther Dave has some more of the oil, and my hair's as dry as powder; let's have a regular fix up, and the folks all away." This was acceded to, and they all went to oiling their locks being very lavish with the oil, which was quite thin in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red-head says:

"Whist, what smells so," with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the perfume," interrupted short and dumpy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume, indeed," says the red-head—"that's not perfume—it's the oil."

"Mebby," says dumpy, "it's the Patchew." I've heard folks say that Patchew smells dreadful at first; person must get used to the smell before they like it. Sure, it's a perfume used by the quality, and after a rough "filing" they left the room.

In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious, what is it? Bless my soul, Mr. G., I shall faint! Oh! my dear, there must be an unclean animal in the room!" and a thousand other expressions were heard, as the boarders got a sniff at the Patchew.

The master and the mistress of the house were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time, there were not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as three girls who were "fled" were waiting on them. Finally dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them, but it soon wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of honey and fir, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that red-head made, her comb caught, and through the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of front hair came off the side of red-head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal curious. The same result attended the rest of the hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock, to ornament with feathers, in Indian style. The other two girls met the same fate, and about ten o'clock that night, they might have been seen wrapping up their lost Patchew locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald headed servant girls, and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalded condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles have been as sacred from touch as the tomb at Palestine.

Burnside's Mine.

No feature of the siege of Petersburg has been more interesting, and no undertaking more important than the construction of the mine under the rebel fortifications. So extensive has been this work, so difficult the obstructions overcome, so complimentary its success to the genius and perseverance of our soldiers, that more than a passing notice is due to it.

After the investment of the city, about the 20th of June last, when our further approach was disputed by the formidable character of the rebel works, our officers began to look about them for the means of accomplishing the most desperate and bloody valor on the part of our troops—viz: the successful assault of those works. The expedition of a mine originated with Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants of the 48th Pennsylvania regiment. Not that others did not think of it; but by most of our engineers the idea was not entertained. The distance between our front line and the nearest and most important rebel fort was over four hundred yards—too long to hope for success when all the difficulties likely to be encountered in the way of quicksands, underground marshes and discovery by the enemy were taken into consideration. Colonel Pleasants, however, cherished the idea. The rebel fort loomed temptingly up in front of his line, and being a man of considerable natural energy and possessed of much practical experience in mining operations, and knowing that he would be ably supported by his regiment, which is wholly composed of miners from Schuylkill county, the coal region of Pennsylvania, he, with permission, commenced operations. The Colonel had been engaged in the mining business in his native State previous to the outbreak of the rebellion.

The work was commenced on the 25th of June last, as previously stated. Such was the secrecy with which it was conducted that for a long time the project was unknown even to those at whose side it was going on. It is true that reports were in circulation of a mine; but nobody could speak certainly of the matter. So much doubt was there, indeed, that for a time it was disbelieved that any such undertaking was on foot. One soldier in the breastworks, by whose side a ventilating shaft emerged, told his comrades in a most surprised manner that "there was a lot of fellows under him doing something; he knew there was for he could hear them talk." To guard against indiscretion on the part of the pickets, to prevent any meeting of the soldiers with the rebels whereat the secret of the mine might be boasted or imprudently disclosed, our pickets were ordered to fire continually. Hence the never ending fusillade on the front of the 9th corps, so incomprehensible to the other corps, and which was often referred to in newspaper paragraphs. The enemy, doubtless, suspected at first that the undermining was going on; but when several weeks elapsed without any demonstration their suspicions began to vanish, especially as their engineers must have thought the plan unfeasible.

The progress of the work was necessarily very slow, and it was not until the 25th instant—just one month after inception—that it was completed. At the outset one of the most important points was to ascertain the exact distance and bearing of the rebel fort. Working underground is literally working in the dark. By that particular process of surveying called "triangulation" these were arrived at. To be more explicit: distances were laid off from the ground behind our works. From these lines as bases, and with

the angles formed by lines extending in the direction of the fort, a simple geometrical problem was formed, the solution of which gave the required distance. Five different triangulations gave a result 510 feet. The excavation was commenced in the side of the hill whereon our exterior line of works runs. The tunnel, or, to use the technical term, "gallery," is about four and a half feet high, nearly as many feet wide at the bottom, and two feet wide at the top. The usual array pick was not suited to the work, as its flukes were too broad to permit their swinging in the tunnel. This difficulty was easily overcome by filing down the flukes to the size of the regular mining pick. Water was met with not far from the entrance, and for a time gave no little trouble. The floor, however, was plank, and the sides and ceiling shored up. A quicksand was met with, and to obviate it, the range of the tunnel was curved upward, so that the latter half was several feet higher than at the entrance. The cozing of the water formed and in several places, so that the regiment came from their daily labor bespattered and stained. In fact, it was easy during the past month to recognize a Forty-eighth man by his muddy boots. The earth, as fast as excavated, was conveyed in hand barrows made of cracker boxes or half barrels to the mouth, where it was emptied into bags, which were afterwards used on the top of breastworks. In this manner no betraying accumulation of earth took place.

The ventilation of the tunnel was most ingeniously effected. Just within our exterior line of works, a shaft was sunk to the side of the tunnel, at its junction with which a fire place was built, with a grating opening into the gallery. One end of a series of tubes made of pine boards was inserted through the earth into this fire place, where, as the air became warmed and ascended, it created a "suction" or draft in the tubes connecting with the gallery. As fast as the tunnel progressed additional tubing was jointed on, and followed the workmen step by step. The smoke from the fire could not, of course, be concealed; but, to withdraw attention from it, fires were kept burning at various points along the line. The lighting of the tunnel was effected simply by placing candles or lanterns along the walls at a distance of about twenty feet apart.

At length the end was reached, and the triangulation was abundantly verified in the noises overhead. The nailing of timber and planks could be distinctly heard, and left no doubt that the men were directly beneath the rebel fort.

The enemy were evidently making a flooring for their artillery. As near as could be ascertained, the distance from the tunnel to the fort was twenty feet.

After it was sufficiently evident that a point directly under the fort was reached the construction of the mine was commenced. The angle of the fort projects towards our lines, and under this angle the tunnel diverged into two galleries, each running, as near as could be ascertained, under each side. It was the intention to make the mine consists of eight magazines, placed at intervals along these branch galleries, so that the entire length of the fort might be blown up, in place of one spot. Preliminary experiments were made by Colonel Pleasants with cartridges of powder, which he inserted in the earth and ignited by a fuse. He ascertained that the work of making a breach would be more effectually secured by distributing the powder instead of putting it in bulk.

In the latter case the explosion resulted in a deep and broad crater; in the former in a wide chasm. Where the cartridges—his miniature magazines—were not disconnected by packing, the tendency of the explosion was to find vent at the first hole. Hence he resorted to packing between the magazines, or, as it is technically known, "tamping."

The magazines are eight in number—four in either branch gallery. In some cases they are built in niches, and again right across the tunnel. They are two by two, and the explosion will result in four craters, tangent to or intersecting each other.

The explosions of the magazines will be effected through tubes of pine wood six inches square, half filled with powder. These run along the bottom of the tunnel, and enter the magazine through openings made for them. Between each pair of magazines, and over the tubing is the "tamping" of sand bags and logs.

The tubes extend only one hundred feet from the mines, thence they are connected with the mouth of the tunnel by fuses, the regular "sure fire" coal mining fuses of Pennsylvania being procured specially for the purpose.

The mine was charged to-day. The quantity of powder was six tons! Pause and think of it. Six tons! twelve thousand pounds! Imagine eight dry goods boxes (the magazines resemble them in shape) filled with powder, and you will have an idea of the mine. What a terrific spectacle is in store for us.

LOYALTY, NOT ROYALTY.—Two English clergymen were calling on the late Dr. Bethune in Florence, and the conversation turning upon the war in the United States, one of them said to the doctor: "You need a king in your country, sir!" A king? replied the doctor, "do you know how there came to be a king?" "Well," said the clergyman, "God gave him to the Jews in his anger." Yes, responded the doctor, "and do you know who was the first king?" "Saul," rejoined the clergyman, "and Saul was a drivel of asses, the only beings that want kings." "But," said the clergyman, "again, 'one of the offices of Christ was that of a king.' 'True,' rejoined the doctor, with great animation and dignity, "and the man who usurps that office, does in the state what the Pope of Rome does in the church!" The advocates of royalty, on this, subsided—so says our informant who heard the whole.

Oration.

DELIVERED BY THE HON. THOMAS RUSSELL.

We give below the closing portion of the admirable oration before the Boston City Council on the Fourth of July, which was delivered by the Hon. Thomas Russell:

I find grounds of hope even in the strongest atrocities with which this rebellion has been stained. I would do justice to the courage of our enemies. Language can hardly do justice to their cruelty. As I read of the captives at Fort Pillow, butchered, burned alive, then buried so deeply that the hands of the dead appeared on the surface of the earth, which refused to hide the crime, I thought of those poor hands of which Burke spoke so pathetically—powerless here, but mighty when stretched toward the Heavens of justice. We are told that in the Revolution the murder of one woman by the Indian allies of England, mourned and condemned by the British General, had power to arouse States and to array armies on our side. It enabled the heroic Stark to turn back the tide of battle, and to prepare for the capture of Burgoyne. What then must be the result of these repeated horrors, not condemned, but justified and applauded by the southern press—accepted as a part of their system of warfare? The slaughter and the starvation of prisoners are not the weapons of a cause to which victory has been decreed.

When Grant thunders against the walls of Richmond, his batteries will have a strength not shown by the army returns. Great wrongs, cruel agonies, gigantic evil will add force to his artillery. Remember, this is not a solitary instance of rebel cruelty. At Milliken's Bend, prisoners of war, taken in arms for their country, guilty of no crime, except the color of their skin, were literally crucified upon the trees of the forest. Ah, it needed not this crime to remind us that the strongest bond which links together all nations and races of men is the recollection that the same great sacrifice was once offered for all.

From those haunted forests, from the blood-stained enclosure of Fort Pillow, from the dungeons, where prisoners of war have been starved into imbecility or death, from a hundred plantations, where a little pile of ashes has been the only memorial of a foul murder, there has gone an army of martyrs, who stand before the Throne, and say, "How long, Oh Lord, how long?"

Men talk of retaliation. When the record of these outrages has been fully spread before the nations of Europe, then retaliation is begun. When the patience of a just God is exhausted, then will the blood of the fallen be gloriously avenged.

I spoke of hope. Let us rather call it faith—faith that a rebellion founded in a denial of human rights, and sustained by daily wrongs, cannot be destined to prevail.

Because we are so thoroughly in the right—because the interests of mankind for generations to come depend upon our success—because the hopes and prayers of good men everywhere, the living and the dead, are with us—we cannot fail.

When the battle of Lookout Mountain was fought, the imagination of men was greatly moved when they learned that the victory of the gallant Hooker was won above the clouds. It is my faith, that the battle of America is, indeed, to be fought and won far above the clouds. Beyond the circle of the Heavens sits sole Giver of Victory, and decrees triumph to the nation that supports his laws. Therefore, we will not fear for America, whatever may befall her. If dark days come—if delay still tries our patience, we will remember the protracted toils of our fathers, and call to mind the outstretched arm by which their deliverance was wrought. We need not go back so far to find omens of good. Recall the gloomy days through which we lived, one year ago, when with heavy hearts we prepared to keep this anniversary. The invading rebels stood on our soil. Their faces were set toward our chief cities. And some, who had hoped till then, lost all hope. The heavens seemed deaf to the prayers of loyal men. Some were adjudged to be impious in their despairing cries. So passed for us the first of July, the second and third. The Fourth of July came, and as we looked toward Gettysburg

"We saw through the night That our flag was still there."

We looked again and it waved over captured Vicksburg; and yet a little while, it streamed from the ramparts of Port Hudson, where Massachusetts hands had placed it, and we knew the old flag was safe. Passing through such a danger, saved by such a deliverance, he is a coward that doubts the final triumph of the Union.

Failure if it comes, will only rekindle the spirit of our nation. The lust of gold, the madness of luxury and fashion, the strife of party, will give way to universal loyalty in the presence of a peril which we feel. Foreign intervention, if that is threatened, will make of us, more than ever, more than anything, one people. I look for another day of per-

fect union, of indignant loyalty, of assured victory.

"Tis the day, when the men of the slumbering North, Again from the land of our people shall come forth, And speaking stout words, which stout hearts shall maintain, Proclaim our fair country a Nation again— The men of the North."

For the tides of the sea are unrudded and slow, And as calmly and coldly their pulses may flow, But as soon shall you roll back that fathomless tide, As turn from their slow-chosen purpose said the men of the North."

I cannot believe that the glories of our fathers' days and of their fathers, the grand voices that sound from two centuries of civilized life in America, are but a prelude to the dirge which humanity would chant over the grave of a ruined nation and a lost hope. I rather count the sad tidings which too often grieve our ears, as the mournful notes which will lead grandeur to that full anthem of praise which will burst from the heart of a redeemed nation as they shout with one accord—"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

O, that the grand old man who has just gone home from Earth, could have lived to see that day! You know how true and brave, how loyal and hopeful he was to the last moment of his life. Our children's children will be glad to hear from us that we knew a man who had seen Washington, and who was worthy to see him. He who remembered the achievement of his country's independence, longed to behold her final triumph. And who doubts that he will see it? Employed, as we love to believe

"In those great offices, that suit The full grown energies of heaven," he will look from the skies, and feel new joy, even there, as he sees right is victorious, and that the will of God is done in the councils of men.

Hold on and Hold Fast.

An influential metropolitan press asks the North if it is ready to emulate the rebel style of carrying on the war, without finances, with absolute despotism in the leaders and abject submission of the people; and intimates that by any other method there is no prospect of success. If this is so there will be no success. But it is not so; it is the folly of unreasonable panic following unreasoned confidence. Let us be calm, and hold on. The situation is not desperate, and requires no desperate expedients.

The present rebel invasion, and the consequent panic, come from shameful neglect and blundering somewhere. But it is not likely to turn out anything worse than a plundering raid. The capital is not in serious danger. It is a vexation to feel that we are still blundering into all sorts of needless perils and losses, with such abundant means as the government has at command, and such heavy sacrifices as the people are continually making. But we cannot stop where we are. We must hold on and put the thing through, or do worse. If anybody thinks a change of men at the head of affairs will improve matters, let him go for the change at the proper time. For the present we can only go on as we are, and "fight it out on this line." A bungling dentist is better than no dentist at all, when one has a tormenting tooth. The rebel raiders must be expelled without breaking up the siege of Richmond. We must stick to this at any cost, or lose this campaign altogether.

So in business matters, the gold gamblers must not be allowed to create a panic and bring prices up to the starvation point. If the government is not broken down and ruined by the rebellion it will pay its debts, and every dollar in greenbacks will eventually be worth a dollar in gold. Even now it is worth more than the gold rates indicate. Hold on, then, against reckless panics and extravagant prices. The proper increase upon most articles ought not to be over 50 per cent., except where high taxes are levied. The manufacturers and merchants are pocketing half the present prices of cotton goods as extra profits. The increased cost of raw material and labor accounts for only a small portion of the increase in price. Hold on here; buy no cotton goods, or as few as may be, till the speculative excitement is over, and they will certainly fall again. The same process should be applied to all other articles the prices of which are artificially inflated. The consumers can in a great measure protect themselves by limiting their purchases to the most urgent needs till the equilibrium is restored. It is true that we shall have war prices in war, but let us pay them for the benefit of the government and not of gamblers and extortioners. If we hold on, economize, and yield nothing to the speculators, except upon compulsion, we can bring prices to a fair standard, however wildly the gold figures may run among the hundreds.

In such feverish times the great thing is to keep cool—to form a deliberate purpose and stick to it; to know what we are about and hold on, and hold fast till we see the end. The real peril of the present moment is that the cowardly and treacherous will be able to discourage and demoralize the people, and that the first victory will be relinquished just as it is within our grasp. No—let us steadfastly fight and work, and hold on, "till we see the salvation of God."—Springfield Republican.

The abuse of tobacco is stated by Mr. Deane, in a memoir read at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, to produce an intermission of the action of the heart and pulse in certain persons. He found this to be the case in twenty-one persons out of eighty-eight inveterate smokers. This

affection, which he terms narcotism of the heart, is curable by suspending or reducing the consumption of tobacco.

He stated that none of the persons subjected to his observation had any lesion of the heart, or was in a state of health likely to lead to it. The exorbitant use of tobacco was the sole cause of the affection.

GAMBLING IN SARATOGA.—"Burleigh" in one of his letters to the Boston Journal writes as follows from Saratoga:

Near the United States Hotel is a large double-brick house. It is kept by Morrissey and is, out of New York, the largest gambling house in the country. It bears the name of a "Club House," and many public men who hold the reputation and life of men in their hands are said to board there. But thousands are lost and won in that quiet retreat. Morrissey can be seen at any time at the United States, dressed in style, a short, athletic, powerful man, quiet and of few words. He came to New York in 1852, from Troy. He was then a fighter, poor, drunken and brutal. He came to whip Bill Poole and his party to whom he bore a deadly hate. He was engaged to protect the ballot boxes in a ward election. He then arranged the fight with Sullivan, and became the champion of the fancy. He has made money—said to be worth \$500,000—is a great stock operator, and keeps several of the largest gambling houses in the city of New York. He is a steady man now, drinks nothing, and does not gamble himself. He has a lease of the Race Track for the races, and brings a up at his own expense detectives from New York to keep pickpockets away and preserve good order.

All around this "Club House" are gambling tables, all open to the eye. A room is selected, a small semi-circular table bound with green baize, tokens to represent coin, four men to run the machine, all the dopes that can be induced to sit down, with about 10 or 20 who play against the bank, but all really in the ring, with an apparent fairness in the mode, but so conducted that nine chances to ten the bank must win and the person lose. Here from early morn, all the day long, till the small hours tell that midnight has gone, men sit and squander money and character. Scarcely a word is spoken, and all that is in a subdued tone, and the game runs on carrying untold wealth into the till of the bank, and despair into the heart and frenzy into the eye of the loser. Clerks, sons of noble mothers, officers who have fought bravely for the nation, young husbands and fathers, are carried over this moral cataract of Niagara and are seen no more.

THE BUSINESS OF CONGRESS.—Congress, at the late session, passed 244 bills and 93 joint resolutions, of which 124 bills and 65 resolutions originated in the House, and 129 bills and 31 resolutions originated in the Senate. The whole number of bills reported to both branches was 924, and the joint resolutions 202, of which 575 bills and 123 resolutions were reported to the House, and 349 bills and 79 resolutions to the Senate. Eighty House bills and 39 Senate bills, to say nothing of the resolutions, hanging fire between the two houses; one of these bills is a House bill to establish an admiralty court in the eastern district of New York; and another is the act to establish a bureau of freedmen's affairs, which was passed by the House and materially amended by the Senate, passed, and sent back to the House on the 30th of June, referred to the committee on emancipation, the Senate amendments reported upon adversely, and then finally postponed to December 20, 1864.

THE NEW CALL.—It is desirable to secure as large a proportion of three years' men as possible under the new call for volunteers. There is no question among military men as to the terms. The Army and Navy Journal, which is good authority on the subject, says:—

"The first part of a recruit's term is wasted in learning his duty—in learning how to be a soldier. This draft, however, looking both at the time and the numbers, is based on the obvious assumption that the war will be ended in fifty-two weeks; if at all; for its numbers are so vast as to cause no little complaint at a future day, should 500,000 troops be so badly economized as not to substantially break an opponent whose armies we outnumber now. But it is usually unsafe to speculate on time in such matters, as sad experience has taught. Our future reinforcements should be applied steadily, and in such numbers as may be called for—not in a sudden rush of a new and raw levy of immense numbers. It is not the rally to arms of a million six months' men or of every able-bodied man in the country, that is going to crush the rebellion by dead weight. It is rather constantly filling up the army to that level of utility which its commander has discovered. For such a purpose, men may be wanted, not perhaps, all within a few months, but at all times until the rebellion is over. It is fortunately true, however, that, under the operation of the draft, many volunteers for three years will be secured. It is beginning also to be evident that the 'summer campaign' will be made a winter campaign as well, if necessary, that it will have no close without a decisive result. There may be intervals of rest, and diversion here and there, but the army has gone to Richmond for no purpose, and with no dream, but to take the city, be it next month or next year."

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—In a tea cup half full of vinegar dissolve as much

salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed, and the solution is allowed to cool. Dose—tablespoonful three times a day till cured.

FREEDOM FOR THE CHILDREN.—The following sensible and much needed paragraph is from Blackwood's Magazine:

A child three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight. It is too often the death warrant, which the condemned stupidly looks at—fatal, yet beyond its comprehension. What should a child three years old be taught? Strong meats for weak digestion make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes told them. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children, tell them pleasant stories, and if in the country, be not so careful lest they get a little dirt on their hands and feet; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children out of door play soils them not inwardly.

There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substances, and beget a kindness of our poor relatives, the brutes. Let the children have a free open air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintances with the pigs, cows and chickens—they may form worse friendships with the wiser looking ones, encourage a familiarity with all who love to court them. There is a language among them which the world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving, than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things make them loving; then they will be gentle and obedient; and then also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends—they never will neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you to go.

A GENUINE CUP OF TEA.—Do you ever return home from a journey, cold, wet and weary, and, unexpected, after tea was over and the tea leaves ejected from the silver? Bright eyes glistened with delight at the sight of you, perhaps more than one pair, and a silvery voice names the magic word "tea." Out of some dozen of these instances did it ever happen to you—whenever the tea had been made for you alone—to partake a cup of whose delicious fragrance had dwelt on your palate, like a vision of paradise, and of which you have sometimes a difficulty of persuading yourself that it is not all a dream? Such an instance once occurred to me, not after a journey but at a dining-out. I left the animals at their accustomed wine, followed on the track of the girls, some of whom were so full of charms that had Hebe fallen sick they might have supplied her place at the board of Jove without the fair nectar-bearer being missed. A hermetically sealed canister was brought, containing a single pound; not a leaden canister, but one of tin; not black tin, either, but the pure metal, tin, white, glittering and crackling. Talk of the charms of an uncut novel, indeed? Give me the opening of such a virgin case, pure as it left China. It was not green tea, it was black tea; neither too young nor too old; not unpleasant with astringency on the one hand, nor with the rapid half-early taste of decayed vegetable matter on the other; it was tea in its most perfect state, full charged with aroma, which when it was opened, diffused its fragrance through the whole apartment, putting all other perfumes to shame. About an ounce was then rubbed to powder by my fair Hebe, and deposited in its broad, shallow, silver receiver with just cold water enough to saturate it. After standing twenty minutes, hot water off the boil, as it is technically called, that is free from ebullition, was poured on it, amounting in quantity to three quarters of a pint, and the lid was closely shut down on it, while the cylindrical-shaped tea-cup was placed on the spout to catch the aroma thence issuing. At the expiration of a minute it was poured out, (what a beautiful hand it was!) and the rich globules of essential oil might be seen floating on the surface, a perfect treasure of delight.

A small portion of Alderney cream, was instantly added, to prevent the escape of the essential oil, and just sufficient of the brilliant large crystallized sugar to neutralize the slight bitter. Oh, heavens! to sip that most exquisite cup of delight was bliss almost too great for earth; a thousand years of rapture all concentrated into the space of a minute, as if the joys of all the world had been skimmed for my peculiar drinking. I should rather say, inhibiting, for to have swallowed that liquid like an ordinary beverage, without tasting every drop, would have been snuffing. —Leigh Hunt.

SUICIDE IN PLATTSBURGH.—Samuel B. Bonner, of Plattsburgh, formerly of Montreal, deliberately took poison, and was found dead in his barn about 3 P. M. He was about 72 years of age, a worthy man and reputed wealthy. Despondency, resulting from business difficulties is assigned as the explanation of his suicide.

A dry sort of a genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world: the ordinary fool, the fool who is one and don't know it, the fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.